Iter Boreale.

Together with ſome other Select

POEMS,

Not heretofore Printed.

By the ſame Author.

LONDON,

Printed for *L. F.* and are to be ſold at the *Parrot* in St *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1661.

UMI

Iter Boreale.

Attempting ſomthing upon the Succeſsful and Matchleſs March of the Lord General

George Monck,

From Scotland to London in the Winter. 1659.

I.

THe day is broke! *Melpomene*, be gone;
Hag of my Fancy, let me now alone:(flight
Night-mare my Soul no more; Go take thy
Where Traytors Ghoſts keep an eternal night;
Flee to Mount *Caucaſus*, and bear thy part
With the black Fowl that tears *Prometheus* heart
For his bold Sacrilege: Go fetch the groans
Of defunct Tyrants, with them croke thy Tones;

Go ſee *Alecto*, with her flaming whip,
How ſhe firks *Nol*, and makes old *Bradſhaw* skip:
Go make thy ſelf away,——Thou ſhalt no more
Choak up my Standiſh with the blood and gore
Of Engliſh Tragedies: I now will chuſe
The merrieſt of the Nine to be my Muſe:
And (come what will) I'le ſcribble once again:
The brutiſh Sword hath cut the Nobler Vein
Of racy Poetry. Our ſmall-drink-times
Muſt be contented, and take up with Rhymes.
They'r ſorry toys from a poor Levites pack,
Whoſe Living and Aſſeſments drink no Sack.
The Subject will excuſe the Verſe (I trow)
The Venſon's fat, although the Cruſt be dough.

II.

I He who whileom ſate and ſung in Cage
My Kings and Countries Ruines, by the rage
Of a rebellious Rout; Who weeping ſaw
Three goodly Kingdoms (drunk with fury) draw
And ſheath their Swords (like three enraged Bro-
In one anothers ſides, ripping their Mothers [thers)
Belly, and tearing out her bleeding heart;
Then jealous that their Father fain would part
Their bloody Fray, and let them fight no more,
Fell foul on Him, and ſlew Him at His dore.
I that have only dar'd to whiſper Verſes,
And drop a tear (by ſtealth) on loyal Hearſes;

I that enraged at the *Times* and *Rump*,
Had gnaw'd my Gooſe-quill to the very ſtump,
And flung that in the fire, no more to write,
But to ſit down poor *Britains Heraclite*:
Now ſing the triumphs of the Men of War,
The Glorious Rayes of the bright Northern Star,
Created for the nonce by Heaven, to bring
The Wiſe men of three Nations to their King:
MONCK! the Great *Monck*! That ſyllable out-
Plantaginet's bright Name, or *Conſtantine's*. [ſhines
'Twas at His Riſing that *Our Day* begun,
Be He the *Morning Star* to *CHARLES* our *Sun*.
He took Rebellion rampant, by the Throat,
And made the Canting *Quaker* change his Note;
His Hand it was that wrote (we ſaw no more)
Exit Tyrannus over *Lambert's* dore.

Like to ſome ſubtile Ligthning, ſo His Words
Diſſolved in their Scabbards Rebels Swords.
He with ſucceſs the ſoveraign skill hath found
To dreſs the Weapon, and ſo heal the Wound.
George, and his Boyes (as Spirits do, they ſay)
Only by Walking ſcare our Foes away.

III.

OLd *Holofernes* was no ſooner laid,
Before the Idols Funeral Pomp was paid,

Nor shall a penny ere be paid for me;
(et fools that trusted his true Mourners be.)
Richard the Fourth, just peeping out of Squire,
No fault so much as, Th' old one was his Sire;
For men believ'd, ——though all went in his Name,
He'd be but Tenant till the Landlord came:
When on a sudden (all amaz'd) we found
The seven Years *Babel* tumbled to the ground;
And he, poor heart, (thanks to his cunning Kin)
Was soon in *Querpo* honest *Dick* agen.
Exit Protector. ——What comes next? I trow,
Let the State-Huntsmen beat again, ——So—ho,
Cries *Lambert*, Master of the Hounds, ——Here sits
That lusty Puss, *The Good Old Cause*, ——whose wits
Shew'd *Oliver* such sport; That, that (cries *Vane*)
Let's put her up, and run her once again:
She'll lead our Doggs and Followers up and down,
Whilst we match Families, and take the Crown.
Enter th' old Members: 'Twas the Moneth of *May*
These Muggots in the *Rump* began to play.
Vallingford Anglers (though they stunk) yet thought
They would make baits, by which Fish might be caught;
And so it prov'd; they soon by Taxes made
More money then the *Holland* Fishing Trade.

IV.

NOw broke in *Egypts* plagues (all in a day)
And one more worse then theirs; —We must not pray To

To be deliver'd:——Their ſcabb'd folks were free
To ſcratch where it did itch;——So might not we.
That Meteor *Cromwel*, though he ſcar'd, gave light;
But we were now cover'd with horrid Night:
Our Magiſtracy was (like *Moſes* Rod)
Turn'd to a Serpent by the angry God.
Poor Citizens, when Trading would not do,
Made brick without ſtraw, and were baſted too;
Struck with the botch of Taxes and Exciſe;
Servants (*our very Duſt*) were turn'd to *Lice*;
It was but turning Soldiers, and they need
Not work at all, but on their Maſters feed.
Strange Catterpillars ate our p eaſant things;
And Froggs croakt in the Chambers of our Kings.
Black bloody veins did in the *Rump* prevail,
Like the Philiſtims Emrods in the Tayle.
Lightning, Hail, Fire, and Thunder *Ægypt* had,
And *England* Guns, Shot, Powder, (that's as bad.)
And that Sea-Monſter *Lawſon* (if withſtood)
Threatned to turn our Rivers into Blood. [fell
And (Plague of all theſe Plagues) all theſe Plagues
Not on an *Ægypt*, but our *Iſrael*.

V.

SIck (as her heart can hold) the Nation lies,
Filling each corner with her hideous cries:
Sometimes Rage (like a burning Fever) heats,
Anon Deſpair brings cold and clammy Sweats;

She

She cannot ſleep ; or if ſhe doth, ſhe dreams
Of Rapes, Thefts, Burnings, Blood, and direful
Toſſes from ſide to ſide, then by and by [Theams;
Her feet are laid there where the head did lie :
None can come to her but bold Empiricks,
Who never meant to cure her, but try tricks :
Thoſe very *Doctors* who ſhould give her eaſe,
(God help the *Patient*) was her worſt diſeaſe.
Th' *Italian* Mountebank *Vane* tells her ſure
Jeſuites Powder will effect the Cure.
If grief but makes her ſwell, *Martin* and *Nevil*
Conclude it is a ſpice of the Kings Evil.
Bleed her again, another cries ;——And *Scot*
Saith he could cure her, if 'twas——you know what;
But giddy *Harrington* a whimſey found,
To make her head (like to his brains) run round:
Her old and wiſe Phyſitians, who before
Had well nigh cur'd her, came again to th' dore,
But were kept out,—Which made her cry the more,
Help, Help, (*dear Children*) Oh ! ſome pity take
On her who bore you ! Help for mercy ſake !
Oh heart ! Oh head ! Oh back ! Oh bones ! I feel
They've poyſon'd me with giving too much ſteel :
Oh give me that for which I long and cry !
Something that's *Soveraign*, or elſe I dye.

Kind

VI:

KInd *Cheſhire* heard;——And like ſome ſon that [ſtood
Upon the Bank, ſtraight jump'd into the Flood,
Flings out his arms, and ſtrikes ſome ſtrokes to [ſwim,
Booth ventur'd firſt, and *Middleton* with him;
Stout *Mackworth*, *Egerton*, and thouſands more,
Threw themſelves in, and left the ſafer ſhore;
Maſſey (that famous Diver), and bold *Brown*
Forlook his Wharfe,——reſolving all to drown,
Or ſave a ſinking Kingdom:——But, Oh ſad!
Fearing to loſe her prey, the Sea grew mad,
Rais'd all her billows, and reſolv'd her waves
Should quickly be the bold Adventurers graves.
Out Marches *Lambert*, like an Eaſtern Wind,
And with him all the mighty Waters joyn'd.
The loyal Swimmers bore up heads and breaſts,
Scorning to think of Life or Intereſts;
They ply'd their Arms and Thighs, but all in vain;
The furious Main beat them to Shore again;
At which the floating Iſland (looking back,
Spying her loyal Lovers gone to wrack)
Shriekt lowder then before,——and thus ſhe cries,
"Can you ye angry Heavens, and frowning Skies,
"Thus countenance Rebellious Mutineers,
"Who, if they durſt, would be about your ears?
"That I ſhould ſink, with Juſtice may accord,
"Who let my Pilot be thrown over-board;

"Yet

" Yet 'twas not I, (ye righteous Heavens do know)
" The Soldiers in me needs would have it ſo:
" And thoſe who conjur'd up theſe Storms themſelves,
" And firſt engag'd me 'mongſt theſe Rocks and Shelves,
" Guilty of all my woes, have rais'd this weather,
" Fearing to come to Land, and chuſing rather
" To ſink me with themſelves.—O ceaſe to frown,
" In tears (juſt Heavens!) behold! my ſelf I drown:
" Let not theſe proud Waves do't: Prevent my fears,
" And let them fall together by the ears.

VII.

HEav'n heard, and ſtruck th'inſulting Army mad,
Drunk with their *Cheſhire* Triumphs, ſtraight they had
New Lights appear'd, And new Reſolves they take,
A *Single Perſon* once again to make.
Who ſhall be he? Oh! *Lambert*, without rub,
The fitteſt Divel to be *Belzebub*.
He, the fierce Fiend, caſt out o'th' Houſe before,
Return'd, and threw the Houſe now out of dore:
A Legion then he rais'd of Armed Sprights,
Elves, Goblins, Fairies, Quakers, and new Lights,
To be his under Divels; with this reſt
He Soul and Body (Church and State) poſſeſt:
Who tho' they fill'd all Countries, towns, & rooms,
Yet (like that Fiend that did frequent the Tombs)
Churches

Churches, and Sacred Grounds they haunted moſt,
No Chappel was at eaſe from ſome ſuch Ghoſt
The Prieſts ordain'd to Exorciſe thoſe Elves,
Were Voted Divels, and caſt out themſelves:
Bible, or Alchoran, all's one to them,
Religion ſerves but for a Stratagem:
The holy Charms theſe Adders did not heed,
Churches themſelves did Sanctuary need.

VIII.

THe Churches Patrimony and rich Store,
Alas! was ſwallowed many years before:
Biſhops and *Deans* we fed upon before,
They were the *Ribs* and *Surloyns* of the Whore:
Now let her *Legs* (the *Prieſts*) go to the Pot,
(They have the Pope's Eye in them) ſpare them not:
We have fat Benefices yet to eat,
(*Bell*, and our *Dragon*-Army, muſt have meat:)
Let us devour her Limb-meal, great and ſmall,
Tythe Calves, Geeſe, Pigs, the Pettitoes and all:
A Vicaridge in Sippets, though it be
But ſmall, will ſerve a ſqueamiſh Sectary.
Though Univerſities we cann't endure,
There's no falſe Latine in their Lands (be ſure.)
Give *Oxford* to our Horſe, and let the Foot
Take *Cambridge* for their booty, and fall to't.
Chriſt-Church I'le have (cries *Vane*;) *Dishrow* ſwops
At *Trinity*; *Kings* is for *Berry*'s chops;

Kelſey

Kelſey, take *Corpus Chriſti*; *All-Souls*, *Packer*;
Carve *Creed*, S. *Johns*; *New Colledge* leave to *Hacker*;
Fleetwood cries, *Weeping Mandlin* ſhall be mine,
Her tears I'le drink inſtead of *Muſcadine*:
The ſmaller *Halls* and *Houſes* ſcarce are big
Enough to make one Diſh for *Heſilrig*;
We muſt be ſure to ſtop his mouth, though wide,
Elſe all our fat will be i'th fire (they cry'd:)
And when we have done theſe we'll not be quiet,
Lordſhips and Landlords Rents ſhall be our diet.
Thus talk'd this jolly crew, but ſtill mine Hoſt
Lambert reſolves that he will rule the Roſt.

IX.

But hark! Methinks I hear old *Boreas* blow;
What mean the North winds that they bluſter
More ſtorms from that black nook? Forbear, (bo
Let not *Dunbar* and *Worc'ſter* be forgot:
What? would you chaffer w'us for one *Charls* mor
The price of Kings is fall'n, give the Trade o're.
And is the price of Kings and Kingdoms too,
Of Laws, Lives, Oaths, Souls, grown ſo low with yo
Perfidious Hypocrites! Monſters of Men!
(Cries the good *Monck*) we'll raiſe their price ag
Heaven ſaid *Amen*, and breath'd upon that Spark;
That Spark (preſerv'd alive i'th' cold and dark)
Firſt kindled and enflam'd the Britiſh Iſle,
And turn'd it all to Bonfires in a while:

He and his fewel was ſo ſmall, no doubt,
Proud *Lambert* thought to tread or piſs them out.
But *George* was wary;——His cauſe did require
A Pillar of a Cloud as well as Fire:
'Twas not his ſafeſt courſe to flame, but ſmoak;
His enemies he will not burn, but choak.
Small Fires muſt not blaze out, leſt by their light
They ſhew their weakneſs, and their Foes invite;
But Furnaces the ſtouteſt Metals melt,
(And ſo did he) by fire not ſeen, but felt;
Dark-Lanthorn Language, and his peep-boe play,
Will-E-Wiſpt Lambert's new-Lights out o'th' way.
George, & his boys, thoſe thouſands (ô ſtrange thing!)
Of *Snipes* and *Woodcocks* took by Lowbelling.
His few Scotch-Coal kindled with Engliſh Fire,
Made *Lambert*'s great *Newcaſtle* heaps expire.

X.

Scotland (though poor and peeviſh) was content
To keep the Peace, and (O rare!) money ſent;
But yet the bleſſing of their Kirk was more;
George had that too; and with this ſlender ſtore
He and His Mirmidons advance:——Kind Heaven
Prepar'd a froſt to make their March more even,
Eaſie, and ſafe; it may be ſaid, That year
Of th' High-ways Heaven it ſelf was Overſeer,
And made *November* ground as hard as *May*;
White as their Innocence, ſo was their Way:

The

The Clouds came down in Feather-beds, to greet
Him and his Army, and to kiſs their feet.
The froſt and foes both came and went together,
Both thaw'd away, and vaniſh'd God knows whither.
Whole Countries crowded in to ſee this Friend,
Ready to caſt their bodies down, to mend
His Road to *Weſtminſter*; and ſtill they ſhout,
Lay hold of th' *Rump*, and pull the *Monſter* out:
A new one, or a whole one (*Good my Lord*)
And to this cry the Iſland did accord.
The Eccho of the Iriſh hollow ground
Heard *England*, and her language did rebound.

XI.

PReſto—*Jack Lambert*, and his Sprights are gone
To dance a Jigg with's brother *Oberon*:
George made him, and his Cut-throats of our lives,
Swallow their Swords, as Juglers do their Knives.
And Carter *Disborough* to wiſh in vain,
He now were Waggoner to *Charls* his Wain.
The Conqueror is now come into th' South,
Whoſe warm Air is made hot by every mouth;
Breathing his welcome, and in ſpight of *Scot*,
Crying——*The whole child* (Sir) *divide it not*:
The Rump begins to ſtink; Alas! (cry they)
W' have rais'd a Devil which we cannot lay.
I like him not——His belly is ſo big,
There's a King in't, cryes furious *Heſilrig*,

Let'

Let's bribe Him (they cry all) Carve him a ſhare
Of our ſtoln Veniſon.——Varlets, forbear,
In vain you put your Lime-twigs to his Hands
George Monck *is for the King, not for his Lands.*
When fair means would not do, next foul they try,
Vote him the City Scavenger, (they cry)
Send him to ſcowr their Streets.——Well, let it be;
Your Rumpſhip wants a ſcowring too, (thinks he)
That foul houſe where your Worſhips many year
Have laid your Tayl, ſure wants a Scavenger:
I ſmell your Fizzle, though it make no Crack,
You'ld mount me on the Cities galled Back,
In hope ſhe'll caſt her Rider: If I muſt
Upon ſome Office in the Town be thruſt,
I'le be their Sword-bearer,——and to their Dagger
I'le joyn my Sword:——Nay, (*good Rump*) do not ſwagger,
The City feaſts me, and (as ſure as Gun)
I'le mend all *Englands* Commons e're I've done.

XII.

AND ſo he did: One Morning next his heart
He goes to *Weſtminſter*, and play'd his part;
He vampt their boots (which *Hewſon* ner'e could do)
With better leather, made them g' upright too.
The Reſtor'd Members (*Cato*-like, no doubt)
Did only Enter that They might go out;
They did not mean within thoſe Walls to dwell,
Nor did they like their Company ſo well;

Yet Heav'n ſo bleſt them, that in three weeks ſpace
They gave both Church and State a better face;
They gave *Booth*, *Maſſey*, *Brown*, ſome kinder lots;
The laſt years Traytors, this years Patriots:
The Churches poor Remainder they made good,
And waſh'd the Nations Hands of Royal Blood;
And that a Parliament (they did deviſe)
From its own aſhes (*Phœnix*-like) might riſe;
This done, By *Act* and *Deed* that might not fail,
They paſt a Fine, and ſo cut off *th' Entail.*

XIII.

LEt the Bells ring theſe Changes now from *Bow*,
Down to the Country Candleſticks below;
Ringers, hands off; The Bells themſelves will dance
In memory of their own deliverance.
Had not *George* ſhew'd his Metal, and ſaid Nay,
Each Sectary had born the Bell away: [Crew)
Down with them all, they'r Chriſtned (cry'd that
Tye up their Clappers, and the Parſons too;
Turn them to Guns, or ſell them to the *Dutch.*
Nay, hold, (quoth *George*) my Maſters, that's too much;
You will not leap o're Steeples thus, I hope,
I'le ſave the Bells, but you may take the Rope.
Thus lay *Religion* panting for her life,
Like *Iſaac*, bound under the bloody knife;
George held the falling Weapon, ſav'd the Lamb:
Let *Lambert* (in the Briars) be the *Ram.*

So

So lay the Royal Virgin (as 'tis told)
When brave S. *George* redeem'd her life, of old.
Oh that the Knaves that have conſum'd our Land,
Had but permitted Wood enough to ſtand
To be his Bonfires;——We'd burn every ſtem,
And leave no more but Gallow-Trees for them.

XIV.

MArch on, *Great Heroe!* as thou haſt begun,
And crown our *Happineſs* before th'aſt done:
We have another *CHARLS* to fetch from *Spain*,
Be thou the *GEORGE* to bring him back again:
Then ſhalt thou be (what was deny'd that Knight)
Thy Princes, and the Peoples Favourite.
There is no danger of the Winds at all,
Unleſs together by the Ears they fall,
Who ſhall the honour have to waft a King:
And they who gain it, while they work ſhall ſing.
Me-thinks I ſee how thoſe triumphant Gales,
Proud of the great Employment, ſwell the Sails;
The joyful Ship ſhall dance, the Sea ſhall laugh,
And loyal Fiſh their Maſters health ſhall quaff:
See how the *Dolphins* croud and thruſt their large
And ſcaly ſhoulders, to aſſiſt the Barge;
The peaceful Kingfiſhers are met together
About the Decks, and propheſie calm weather;
Poor Crabbs and Lobſters are gone down to creep,
And ſearch for Pearls and Jewels in the deep;

And when they have the booty,——crawl before,
And leave them for his welcome to the Shore.

XV.

ME-thinks I see how throngs of people stand
Scarce patient till the Vessel come to Land,
Ready to leap in, and if need require,
With Tears of Joy, to make the waters higher.
But what will *London* do? I doubt Old *Paul*
With bowing to his Soveraign will fall.
The Royal Lions from the Tower shall roar,
And though they see him not, yet shall adore:
The Conduits will be ravish'd, and combine
To turn their very Water into Wine:
And for the Citizens, I only pray
They may not overjoy'd all dye that day.
May we all live more loyal and more true,
To give to *Cæsar* and to God their due.
Wee'l make his Fathers Tomb with tears to swim,
And for the Son, wee'l shed our blood for him.
England her penitential Song shall sing,
And take heed how she quarrels with her King.
If for our sins——our Prince shall be misled,
Wee'l bite our nails, rather than scratch our *Head*.

One

XVI.

ONe Engliſh *George* out-weighs alone (by odds)
A whole Committee of the Heathens Gods;
Pronounce but *Monck*, and (it is all his due)
He is our *Mercury*, *Mars*, and *Neptune* too.
Monck (what great *Xerxes* could not) prov'd the [man
That with a word ſhackled the Ocean;
He ſhall command *Neptune* himſelf to bring
His Trident, and preſent it to our King.
Oh do it then, great Admiral:——Away,
Let him be here againſt S. *George's* day;
That *Charles* may wear His *Dieu Et Mon Droit*,
And Thou the Noble Garter'd *Honi Soit*.
And when thy Aged Corps ſhall yield to Fate,
God ſave that ſoul that ſav'd our *Church* and *State*:
There thou ſhalt have a glorious Crown, I know,
Who Crown'dſt our King and Kingdoms here be- [low.
But who ſhall find a Pen fit for thy glory; [low.
Or make Poſterity believe thy Story?

Vive St *GEORGE*.

THE TRAGEDY OF Mr. *Chriſtopher Love*, Late Miniſter of the Goſpel; Acted upon TOWER-HILL, *Auguſt* 22. 1651.

The Prologue.

NEw from a ſlaughter'd Monarch's Hearſe I (come,
A Mourner to a Martyr'd Prophet's Tomb:
Pardon, great *Charls* his Ghoſt, my Muſe had ſtood
Yet three years longer, till ſh'had wept a Flood;
Too mean a Sacrifice for Royal Blood.

But

But ſhe muſt go, Heav'n does by Thunder call
For her Attendance at *LOVE's* Funeral:
Forgive, great Sir, this Sacriledge in me,
The tenth Tear he muſt have, it is his Fee;
'Tis due to him, and yet 'tis ſtoln from Thee.

The Argument.

'Twas when the Raging Dog did rule the Skies,
And with his ſcorching Face did tyrannize,
When cruel *Cromwel*, Whelp of that mad Star,
But ſure more fiery than his Sire by far,
Had dry'd the *Northern-Fife*, and with his heat
Put frozen *Scotland* in a Bloody Sweat:
When he had conquer'd, and his furious Train
Had chas'd the North-Bear, & purſu'd *Charls* Wain
Into the *Engliſh* Orb; then 'twas thy fate
(Sweet *LOVE*) to be a Preſent from our State.
A greater Sacrifice there could not come,
Than a Divine, to bleed his Welcom home.
For He, and *Herod*, think no Diſh ſo good,
As a *John Baptiſts* Head, ſerv'd up in Blood.

Act. I.

The *Philiſtims* are ſet in their High Court,
And *Love*, like *Samſon's* fetch'd to make them ſport:
Unto the Stake the ſmiling Priſoner's brought,
Not to be try'd, but baited, moſt men thought:

Monſters, like Men, muſt worry him; and thus
He fights with Beaſts, like *Paul* at *Epheſus*.
Adams, *Far*, *Huntington*, with all the Pack
Of foiſting Hounds, were ſet upon his Back.
Prideaux and *Keeble* ſtand and cry, Haloo;
'Twas a full Cry, and yet it would not do.
Oh how he foil'd them! Standers by did ſwear,
That he the Judge, and they the Traitors were:
For there he prov'd (although he ſeem'd a Lamb)
Stout, like a Lion, from whoſe Den he came.

Act. II.

It is decreed; nor ſhall thy Worth, dear *Love*,
Reſiſt their Vows, nor their Revenge remove.
Though Pray'rs were join'd to Pray'rs, and tears to (tears,
No Softneſs in their Rocky Hearts appears:
Nor Heav'n nor Earth abate their Fury can,
But they will have thy Head, thy Head, good Man.
Sure ſome She-Sectary longed, and in haſte
Muſt try how *Presbyterian* Blood did taſte.
'Tis fit ſhe have the beſt, and therefore thine,
Thine muſt be broach'd, bleſt Saint! 'Tis Drink di-
No ſooner was the dreadful Sentence read, (vine.
The Priſoner ſtraight bow'd his condemned Head:
And by that humble Poſture told them all,
It was an Head that did not fear a fall.

Act. III.

And now I wiſh the fatal Stroke were given;
I'm ſure our Martyr longs to be in Heaven,
And Heav'n to have him there: one moments blow
Makes him triumphant; but here comes his wo,
His Enemies will grant a Months Suſpence,
If 't be but for the nonc't to keep him thence:)
And that he may tread in his Saviours ways,
He ſhall be tempted too, his forty days:
And with ſuch baits too, Caſt thy ſelf but down,
Fall, and but worſhip, and your Life's your own.
Thus cry'd his Enemies; oh 'twas their pride,
To wound his Body, and his Soul beſide.
One Plot th' have more, when all their own do fail,
If Devils can't, Diſciples may prevail.
Let's tempt him by his Friends, make *Peter* cry,
Good Maſter, Spare thy ſelf, and do not die:
One Friend entreats, a ſecond weeps, a third
Cries, Your Petition wants the other word:
I'l write it for you, ſaith a fourth; Your Life,
Your Life, Sir, cries a fifth, Pity your Wife,
And the Babe in her: Thus this Diamond's cut
By Diamonds onely, and to terror put.
Methinks I hear him ſtill, You wound my heart;
Good Friends, forbear; for every word's a Dart:
'Tis cruel pity, this I do profeſs,
You'ld love me more, if you did love me leſs:

Friends,

Friends, Children, Wife, Life, all are dear, I know;
But all's too dear, if I ſhould buy them ſo.
Thus, like a Rock that routs the Waves, he ſtands,
And ſnaps aſunder, *Samſon*-like, theſe bands.

Act. IV.

The Day is come, the Priſoner longs to go,
And chides the ling'ring Sun for tarrying ſo:
Which bluſhing ſeems to anſwer from the Sky,
That it was loth to ſee a Martyr die.
Methinks I heard beheaded Saints above
Call to each other, Sirs, Make room for *LOVE*.
Who when he came to tread the fatal Stage,
(Which prov'd his Glory, and his Enemies Rage,)
His Blood ne'er run t' his Heart, Chriſts Blood was there
Reviving it, his own was all to ſpare:
Which riſing in his Cheeks, did ſeem to ſay,
Is this the Blood you thirſt for? Take't, I pray.
Spectators in his Looks ſuch Life did ſee,
That they appear'd more like to die than he.
But oh his Speech! methinks I hear it ſtill;
It raviſh'd Friends, and did his Enemies kill:
His keener Words did their ſharp Ax exceed;
That made his Head, but he their Hearts, to bleed:
Which he concluded with ſoft Prayer, and ſo
The Lamb lay down, and took the Butchers blow:
His Soul makes Heav'n ſhine brighter by a Star,
And now we're ſure there's one Saint *Chriſtopher*.

Act.

Act. V.

LOVE lies a bleeding, and the World ſhall ſee
Heav'n act a part in this black Tragedie.
The Sun no ſooner ſpy'd the Head o'th' floor,
But he pull'd in his own, and look'd no more.
The Clouds, which ſcattered, and in colours were,
Met all together, and in black appear:
Light'nings, which fill'd the Air with blazing Light,
Did ſerve for Torches at that diſmal Night:
In which, and all next day, for many hours,
Heav'n groan'd in Thunder, & did weep in Showrs.
Nor do I wonder, that God thundred ſo,
When's *Boanerges* murdred lay below: (*Keeble*,
The High Court trembled, *Prideaux*, *Bradſhaw*,
And all the guilty Rout, look'd pale and feeble.
Timerous *Jenkins*, and cold-hearted *Drake*,
Hold out, you need no baſe Petitions make:
Your Enemies thus Thunder-ſtruck, no doubt,
Will be beholding to you to go out.
But if you will recant, now thundring Heaven
Such Approbation to *Love's* Cauſe hath given,
I'l add but this; Your Conſciences perhaps,
Ere long, ſhall feel far greater Thunder-claps.

The Epilogue.

But ſtay, my Muſe grows fearful too, and muſt
Beg that theſe Lines be buried with thy Duſt:
Shelter, bleſs'd *Love*, this Verſe within thy Shroud,
For none but Heav'n dares take thy part aloud.
The Author begs this, leſt, if it be known.
Whil'ſt he bewails thy Head, he loſe his own.

R. W.

UPON

UPON
The much to be Lamented
DEATH
OF THE
Reverend Mr. *Vines.*

ART thou gone too (thou great & gallant mind)
And muſt ſuch Sneaks as I be left behind?
If thus our Horſemen and Commanders die,
What can the Infantry do then but fly?
Oh Divine *Vines*! tell us, why wouldſt thou go,
Unleſs thou couldſt have left thy Parts below?
If there's a *Metempſuchoſis* indeed,
Tell us where we may finde thee at our need?
Who hath thy Memory? thy Brain? thy Heart?
Whom didſt thou leave thy Tongue? (for every part
Of thee can make a Man.) What if we finde
(As I'l not ſwear this Age wo'nt change her mind)
Prelacy (though her Lands are ſold) revive?
Or *Independency* (who hopes to thrive,

No

No where ſuits Trump) ſhould dare diſpute at length
Where haſt thou left thy *Presbyterian* Strength,
With wch thou got'ſt the Game in th' Iſle of *Wight*
Where the King cry'd, that *-Vines* was in the right?
When *Eſſex* dy'd (the Honor of our Nation)
Thou gav'ſt him a new Life in thy Oration.
But when great *Fairfax* to his Fate ſhall yield,
Whom haſt thou left——to fetch from *Naſeby*-field
Th' Immortal Turf, and dreſs it with a Story,
That ſhall perpetuate his name and glory?
Where's thy rich Fancy (man?) To whom (beneath)
Didſt thou thy lofty and high ſtrain bequeath?
Tell us, for thy own ſake; for none but he
That hath thy Wit, can write thy Elegie.
Till he be found, let this ſuffice, which I
Leave on thy Stone:——*Here lies the Miniſtry.*

R. W.

TO

TO THE MEMORY OF Mr. *Jeremy Whitaker*,

Powerful in Prayer and Preaching, Pious in Life, Patient in Sickneſs, *&c.*

NAy, now forbear; for pity ſake give o'er,
You that would make the Clergy none, or poor:
We are made miſerable enough this year,
That we have loſt our Reverend *Whitaker*;
Loſs above Deans and Chapters! had but he
Liv'd ſtill and preach'd: *Ziba* take all (for me.)
Nay, I believe, had ſacrilegious hands
Finger'd our poor remains of Tithes and Lands,
Whil'ſt he ſurviv'd, they had but ſin'd in vain,
Whitaker would have pray'd them back again,

As

As *Luther* did a young-mans Soul repeal,
Giv'n to the Devil under Hand and Seal.
A Chariot and an Horſeman we have loſt,
In whoſe each ſingle Pray'r incamp'd an Hoſt.
How have I heard him (on ſome ſolemn Day,
When doubtful War could make all *London* pray)
Mount up to Heav'n with armed cryes and tears,
And rout, as far as *York*, the Cavaliers!
Have you not ſeen an early-riſing Lark
Spring from her Turf, making the Sun her mark,
Shooting her ſelf aloft, yet higher, higher,
Till ſhe had ſung her ſelf into Heav'ns Quire?
Thus would he riſe in Pray'r, and in a trice
His Soul become a Bird of Paradiſe:
And if our faint Devotions Prayers be,
What can we call his leſs than Extaſie?

On his Preaching.

If with th' Almighty he prevailed ſo,
Wonder not that he Wonders wrought below:
The Son of Conſolation and of Thunder
Met both in him, in others are aſunder.
He was (like *Luke*) Phyſician of both kinds,
Wrought Cures upon Mens Bodies, & their Minds.
The Falling-ſickneſs of Apoſtacy,
Dropſie of Drunkenneſs, Prides Tympany,
The Meagrim of Opinions, new or old,
Palſie of Unbelief, Charities Cold,

Luſts

Lusts burning Feaver, Angers Calenture,
The Collick in the Conscience he could cure:
Set the Souls broken bones; by holy Art
He hath dissolv'd the Stone in many a Heart,
Harder than that he dy'd of ——O come in,
Ye multitudes whom he hath heal'd of Sin,
And thereby made his Debtors——Pay him now
Some of those Tears which he laid out for you;
Interest-tears, I mean; for should you all
Weep over him both Use and Principal,
Twould wash away the Stone (which covers him)
And make his Coffin (like an Ark) to swim.
Now wipe thine eyes (my Muse) & stop thy Verse,
(Thy Ink can onely serve to black his Hearse,)
Yet (stay) I'l drop one Tear, sigh one Sigh more,
'Tis this, although my Poetry be poor,
O what a mighty Prophet should I be,
Had this *Elijah*'s Mantle faln to me!
Oh might I live his Life! I'd be content
His sore Diseases too should me torment:
And if his Patience could mine become,
I would not be afraid of Martyrdom.

R. W.

UPON THE DEATH OF So many Reverend Miniſters of late.

STill we do finde, Black Cloth wears out the firſt;
And Fruits that are the choiceſt keep the worſt.
Such men? So many? and they die ſo faſt?
They'r precious (Death) oh do not make ſuch waſte,
Scarce have we dry'd our eyes for loſs of one,
But in comes tidings that another's gone.
Oh that I had my former Tears agen,
(All but thoſe few laid out upon my Sin,)
Had I an *Helicon* in either Eye,
I have occaſion now to verſe them dry.
Triumph (licentious Age) lift up thy Song,
Presbytery ſha'n't trouble you ere long;
Thoſe that tormented you before your day,
Are now apace removing out o'th' way.
Yea, rather tremble (*England*) ſtand agaſt,
To ſee thy glorious Lamps go out ſo faſt;

Who

When Death (like *Samſon*) thus lays hold upon
The Pillars of the Church, —The Building's gone.
When we do ſee ſo many Stars to fall,
Surely, it boads the World's great Funeral.
London, look to't, and think what Heav'n is doing,
Thy Flames are coming, when thy *Lots* are going.
Well may we all fear God intendeth Wars,
When he commands home his Embaſſadors.
That Venerable Synod, which of late
Was made the Object of Mens Scorn and Hate,
(For want of Copes and Mitres, not of Graces)
Are now call'd up (with *Moſes*) and their Faces
When they return, ſhall ſhine; Gods ſees it fit,
Such an Aſſembly ſhould in Glory ſit.
The learned *Twiſſe* went firſt, (it was his right)
Then Holy *Palmer*, *Borroughs*, *Love*, *Gouge*, *White*,
Hill, *Whitaker*, grave *Gataker*, and *Strong*,
Pern, *Marſhal*, *Robinſon*, all gone along.
I have not nam'd them half: their onely ſtrife
Hath been (of late) who ſhould firſt part with Life.
Thoſe few who yet ſurvive, ſick of this Age,
Long to have done their Parts, and leave the Stage.
Our Engliſh *Luther*, *Vines*, (whoſe Death I weep)
Stole away (and ſaid nothing) in a Sleep:
Sweet (like a Swan) he preach'd that day he went,
And for his Cordial took a Sacrament:
Had it but been ſuſpected ——he would die,
His People ſure had ſtop'd him with their Cry.
My blear-ey'd Muſe ('tis tears have made her ſo)
Muſt waſh his Marble too, before ſhe go.

AN ELEGY UPON THE Earl of Essex HIS FUNERAL.

AND are these all the Rites that must be done
Thrice Noble *ESSEX, Englands* Champion?
Some Men, some Walls, some Horses put in black,
With the Throng scrambling for Sweet-meats and (Sack;
A gawdy Herald, and a Velvet Hearse,
A tatter'd Anagram with grievous Verse,
And a sad Sermon to conclude withal,
Shall this be stil'd great *ESSEX*'s Funeral?

Niggardly

Niggardly Nation, be asham'd of th' ods,
Less Valor among Heathen made men gods:
Should such a General have dy'd in *Rome*,
He must have had an Altar, not a Tomb;
And there, in stead of youthful Elegies,
Grave Senators had offer'd Sacrifice
To Divine *Devereux*: ô for a Vote,
(Ye Lords and Commons, ye are bound to do't)
A Vote, that who is seen to smile this year,
A Vote, that who so brings not in a Tear,
Shall be adjudg'd Malignant: It were wise
T' erect an Office in the Peoples Eyes,
For issuing forth a constant sum of Tears,
There's no way else to pay him his Arrears:
And when w^e have drein'd this Ages eyes quite dry,
Let him be wept the next in History;
Which if Posterity shall dare to doubt,
Then *Glosters* whisp'ring Walls shall speak him out:
And so his Funeral shall not be done,
Till he return i'th' Resurrection.

To the Father of a very vertuous Virgin, deceaſed; who deſired an obſcure Perſon to make an Elegy, *&c.*

SIr, Be adviſ'd; She's not your Daughter now,
But a crown'd Saint in Heav'ns great Court, and
Muſt take heed what you offer to her Shrine; (you
You'l be profane, if that be not Divine.
Sternhold (who kill'd the *Pſalms*, and *David* too
In Meeter and good meaning) did not do
More Violence to Heav'n, than you to her,
If, whil'ſt you think't a kindneſs, you ſhall blur
Her Honor with my Ink: 'tis a diſgrace
To ſet black Spots upon a glorious Face.
Diſdain will burſt her Coffin (ſure) to have
Such dirty Feet as mine ſtand on her Grave.
Beſides, 'tis niggardly to weep in Verſe,
Tears without meaſure beſt become her Hearſe.
The talking Brook is ſhallow, ſtill we ſee
Great Sorrows, like deep Rivers, ſilent be.
Were I *Apollo*'s Prieſt indeed, and fit
To ſend a Poem up in flames of Wit,

Yet

Yet I'm but one; Sir, to her Altar's due
Whole Hecatombs of Verſe, and Poets too.
Go ſearch S. *Pauls* Church-yard, employ choice eyes
To ſcan all Epitaphs, and Elegies;
All the rich Fancies, ſacred Raptures, all
The Pearly drops which ever yet did fall
On ſpotleſs Virgins Tombs: then make your claim,
Print and devote them to your Daughters name.
Thoſe vaſt *Hyperboles*, thoſe lofty Notes,
Which crackt the Muſes Voices, rent their throats,
Offended ſcrup'lous Readers, made them think
Poetry onely ſtrong Lines, and ſtrong Drink,
Allayed by her merit, ſoon will be
Reduc'd to ſober Truth, and Modeſty:
But ſtay, this counſel is but ſimple ſtuff,
(*Englands* Divine) *Reynolds* hath done enough:
His Sermon is her Monument in print,
And hath more Honor than all Poems in't.
That doth not onely ſpeak her Saint, and more,
Can make him one too, who but reads it o're.
Reynolds records her Saint, and you may hope
That's more than canonizing by a Pope.

IN MEMORY Of Mris *E. T.*

Who dyed *April* 7. 1659.

IT was the Spring, and Flowers were in conteſt,
Whoſe ſmels ſhould firſt reach Heav'n, and pleaſe it beſt;
Then did *Eliza*'s Sweetneſs ſo ſurpaſs
All Rival Virgins, that ſhe ſent for was.
'Twas *April* when ſhe dy'd; no Month ſo fit
For Heav'n to be a Mourner in, as it.
'Twas *Eaſter* too; that time did Death deviſe
Beſt for this Lamb to be a Sacrifice.
It was the Spring; The way 'twixt Heav'n & Earth
Was ſweetned for her paſſage, by the Birth
Of early Flowers, which burſt their Mothers womb,
Reſolv'd to live and die upon her Tomb.
It was the Spring; Between the Earth and Sky,
To pleaſe her Soul as it was paſſing by,

Birds

Birds fill'd the Air with Anthems, every neſt
Was on the Wing, to chaunt her to her Reſt:
Not a Pen-feather'd Lark, who ne'er try'd Wing,
Nor Throat; but ventur'd then to fly, and ſing:
Following th'Saint towards Heav'n, whoſe entrance there
Dampt them, and chang'd their Notes. The penſive Air
Diſſolv'd to Tears, which ſpoil'd the feather'd Train,
And ſunk them to their neſts with grief again.
Mean time, me thought, I ſaw at Heav'ns fair Gate
The glorious Virgins meet, and kiſs their Mate.
They ſtood a while her Beauty to admire,
Then led her to her place in their own Quire;
Which ſeem'd to be defective, until ſhe
Added their Sweetneſs to her Harmonie.
As Meddals ſcatter'd when ſome Prince goes by,
So lay the Stars that night about the Sky.
The Milky Way too, (ſince ſhe paſt it o're)
Methinks looks whiter than it was before.

AN EPITAPH

Upon *E. T.*

READer, didſt thou but know what ſacred Duſt
Thou tread'ſt upon, thou'dſt judge thy ſelf un-
Shouldſt thou neglect a ſhowr of tears to pay, (juſt,
To waſh the Sin of thy own Feet away.
That Actor in the Play, who looking down
When he ſhould cry, *O Heav'n*——was thought a
And guilty of a Soloecism——might have (Clown,
Applauſe for ſuch an Action o're this Grave.
Here lies a piece of Heav'n, and Heav'n one day
Will ſend the beſt in Heav'n to fetch't away.
Truth is, this Lovely Virgin from her Birth
Became a conſtant ſtrife 'twixt Heav'n and Earth:
Both claim'd her, pleaded for her; either cry'd,
The Childe is mine; at length they did divide:
Heav'n took her Soul; The Earth her Corps did
Yet not in Fee, ſhe onely holds by Leaſe; (ſeiſe,
With this Proviſo——when the Judge ſhall call,
Earth ſhall give up her ſhare, and Heav'n have all.

UPON

UPON
The Learned Works of the Reverend DIVINE *Ed. Reynolds*, D. D.

READER, who e'er thou art, here thou mayſt find,
Within theſe Works, a rare, rich, glorious Mind
Of Golden Precepts, which, alike, do ſhew
What's thy Diſtemper, how to cure it too:
Do Pains oppreſs thy Body? Sorrow Mind?
Draw near to God, Pray'r will acceptance find;
And then, no doubt, he'l grant, thy Bodies Grief
May bring thy ſinking Soul ſome ſmall Relief.
Do Paſſions overtop thy Will? beware,
Virtue conſiſts not in ſo high a Sphere:
If thou the Golden *Medium* wilt find,
Shun thou too high, and too too low a Mind. (ſly
Pleaſures are gilded Nothings, which like bubbles
Swoln big with Emptineſs, ſo burſt, and die.
Do darkeſt times of Ignorance draw near?
The rather view theſe weighty Lines: nor fear,
Nor wonder much at this reſplendent Light:
Diamonds ſhine brighteſt in the darkeſt night.

The

The Merchant-man ſold all he had, to buy
The rich, rare, Goſpel Jewel: O then why
Art thou ſo backward, ſince that thou mayſt make
This Gem thine own, yea, at a cheaper rate?
The fooliſh Virgins, when their Lord of Light
Paſt by, their Lights were out: So that Eternal Night
Was their reward, and juſt; for they that deem
Pains coſt of greater worth, ſhall ne'er be ſeen
Within his Courts, who is great, good, and juſt.
Is Folly thus repaid? Reader, we muſt
Look that it ne'er be ſaid of thee or I,
That our Neglect ſhould cauſe our Light to die.

R. W.

LOOK

LOok wiſhly (friend) thou ſeldom ſeeſt ſuch men,
Heav'n drops ſuch Jewels down but now and (then,
One in an Age, or Nation: oh 'tis rare,
Two *Reynoldſes* ſhould fall to *Englands* ſhare!
Could *Rome* but ſhew one ſuch, and this were He,
His Picture could not ſcape Idolatry:
Whom Papiſts (hot with Superſtitious Fire)
Would dare t' adore, we juſtly may admire.

R. W.

Alind

Aliud.

LEarning, whoſe Forces did diſperſed lie,
(Of late Alarum'd by the Enemy)
Calling a Councel, did reſolve, at length,
To chooſe one General over all her Strength:
Divinity (who had the choice) did name
Reynolds; All Voices centred in the ſame.
Now here he ſtands, and heads ſuch Books as bear
Truth in their Van, and Triumph in their Rear.

R. W.

A Letter to a Friend.

Generous Sir,

ON Saturday laſt (the Day and Weather being as ſad and dumpiſh as old *Saturn* himſelf) whileſt I was in my Study (my Books and my ſelf muſty and melancholly) and my Proviſions for the next Day as poor as ever were made by Country Curate, ſometimes ſcratching that which goes for my Head, and then biting my Nails for offending my Noddle; In comes your friendly Letter (the welcomeſt Quartermaſter that ever came to my Houſe) to take up Quarters for that gallant Mans Works (and if ever Good Works merited, they do) Dr. *Reynolds*. Sir, They no ſooner entred my Study——but all my Books ſeemed to diſappear, as the Stars do at the riſing of the Sun: You cannot imagine what fear, ſhame, confuſion, and envy, my poor Shelves diſcovered; Some poor Authors ſtood gaſping——others tumbled down, and others burſt their Bindings——reſolving to break Priſon, rather than ſtand before ſuch a Judge of Learning. Thoſe few Fathers (which I had) ſeemed to meet in a Councel, what they ſhould do, whether ſtay or depart. Old *Origen* began, but he was ſo full of Allegories,

Allegories, and whimseys, they could not tell what to say to him; but sure He and they all were troubled, for fear (good men) that they should now be ejected in their old age. *Justin* thought that he should agen be a Martyr, and burnt to light Tobacco. *Tertullian* began to make Apologies; and *Austin* himself fell to his Confessions and Retractations. As for *Hierom*, as good a Scholar as he was, he wish'd himself again on his Pilgrimage; and my poor Countryman *Bede* got into a corner, and fell to his Beads. On another Shelf (for I have not many) my School-men look'd like School-boys, and stood with their Strings untied, ready untruss'd for Correction. *Aquinas* himself wish'd he had not such Sums to reckon for; and all the Popish Authors I had fell to crossing themselves: But what a case (if my stout Folio's and old Authors fainted thus) do you think my Infantry—my Modern men, my Quarto and Octavo Striplings were in? Yea, some of our own *English* (men of many Editions, and worthy to be bound and gilded) gave back, and thrust one another: *Ded* and *Clevn* were both silenced; Doctor *Prestons* All-sufficiency pleaded Insufficiency——*Thomas Goodwin* pull'd his Caps in his Eyes, and became a Childe of Light in Darkness——As for *John Goodwin*, he look'd for a General Redemption of them all; but his Subfizer, poor *Pierce*, was afraid, at the Doctors coming in, that he, and his corrected Copy, should be again sent to the House of Correction. As for

for my Pamphlets and trash, they crouded toge-ther; and having no manner of Cover for them-selves, many of them wish'd *Giles Calvert* hang'd for printing them, and themselves burn'd out of the way. Thus, Sir, It was with my Study: But for my self, oh how I was revived and ravish'd! No sooner did that Book, big with Christ, enter and salute me (pardon the allusion) but my heart, like *John* in his Mothers belly, leap'd for joy. No sooner did I open, and taste the Honey, but mine Eyes were enlightned, and I mended in an instant. The Vanity of the Creature made me serious, the Sinfulness of Sin humbled me, the Life of Christ quickned me; the 110. *Psalm* made me sing, the Lords Supper feasted me——the Prophet *Hosea* in-spired me, and the Passions exceedingly affected me. What shall I say, or do? I cannot hold, but must fall out of trotting heavy Prose into an amble of Rhyming——

From a kinde Hand there came, t' enrich a place
In my poor Study——the rare Works and Face
Of Learned Reverend Reynolds——*I receive*
The Book with joy——but no Gift (by your leave)
And for the Book, and for my self, I vow
I ne'er had Piece could make me preach till now:
I'l pay for't (Sir) And—(which I ne'er shall do)
When I can write such—you shall print them too.
Mean time I propheſie, this Volume will
Make both your Rose *and* Crown *to flouriſh ſtill.*

Sir, Accept and pardon this trash —— next Term I shall be in *London*, and then personally prove what I now set my hand to——(*viz.*) That I am

Yours most cordially,

R. W.

ALAS

Alas poor Scholar, Whither wilt thou go?

OR

Strange Alterations which at this time be,
There's many did think they never ſhould ſee.

IN a Melancholly Study,
None but my ſelf,
Methought my Muſe grew muddy;
After ſeven years Reading,
And coſtly Breeding,
I felt, but could finde no pelf:
Into Learned Rags
I'ave rent my Pluſh and Sattin,
And now am fit to beg
In *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*;
In ſtead of *Ariſtotle*,
Would I had got a Patten:
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Cambridge now I muſt leave thee,
And follow Fate,
Colledge hopes do deceive me;
I oft expected
To have been elected,
But Deſert is reprobate.
Maſters of Colledges
Have no common Graces,
And they that have Fellowſhips
Have but common Places,
And thoſe that Scholars are
They muſt have handſom Faces:
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

I have bow'd, I have bended,
And all in hope
One day to be befriended.
I have preach'd, I have printed
What e'r I hinted,
To pleaſe our *Engliſh* Pope:
I worſhip'd towards the Eaſt,
But the Sun doth now forſake me:
I finde that I am falling,
The Northern Winds do ſhake me:
Would I had been upright,
For Bowing now will break me:
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

At great Preferment I aimed,
Witneſs my Silk;
But now my hopes are maimed:
I looked lately
To live moſt ſtately,
And have a Dairy of Bell-ropes Milk;
But now alas,
My ſelf I muſt not flatter,
Bigamy of Steeples
Is a Laughing matter;
Each man muſt have but one,
And Curates will grow fatter.
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Into ſome Country Village
Now I muſt go,
Where neither Tithe nor Tillage
The greedy Patron
And parched Matron
Swear to the Church they ow:
Yet if I can preach,
And pray too on a ſudden,
And confute the Pope
At adventure, whithout ſtudying,
Then ten pounds a year,
Beſides a Sunday Pudding.
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

All the Arts I have skill in,
Divine and Humane,
Yet all's not worth a Shilling;
When the Women hear me,
They do but jeer me,
And say, I am profane:
Once, I remember,
I preached with a Weaver,
I quoted *Auſtine*,
He quoted *Dod* and *Clever*;
I nothing got,
He got a Cloak and Beaver:
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Ships, Ships, Ships I diſcover,
Croſſing the Main;
Shall I in, and go over,
Turn Jew or Athieſt,
Turk, or Papiſt,
To *Geneva* or *Amſterdam*?
Biſhopricks are voyd
In *Scotland*, ſhall I thither?
Or follow *Windebank*
And *Finch*, to ſee if either
Do want a Prieſt to ſhrive them?
O no, 'tis bluſt'ring weather.
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Ho,

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it,
Peace good-man Fool;
Thou haſt a Trade will fit it,
Draw thy Indenture,
Be bound at adventure
An Apprentice to a Free-School;
There thou mayſt command
By *William Lylies* Charter;
There thou mayſt whip, ſtrip,
And hang, and draw, and quarter,
And commit to the Red Rod
Both *Will*, and *Tom*, and *Arthur*.
I, I, 'tis thither, thither will I go.

R. W.

THE *Norfolk* and *Wisbich* COCK-FIGHT.

By *R. W.*

GO you tame Gallants, you that have a Name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game;
That have brave Spurs to shew for't, and can crow,
And count all Dunghi-breed, that cannot show
Such painted Plumes as yours; which think't no vice
With Cock-like Lust to tread your Cockatrice.
Though Peacocks, Weather-cocks, Woodcocks you be,
If y'are not Fighting Cocks, y'are not for me.
I of two feathered Combatants shall write;
And he that means to th' life t' express their Fight,
Must make his Ink the blood which they did spill,
And from their dying Wings must take his Quill.
No sooner were the doubtful People set,
The Match made up, and all that would had bet;
But straight the skilful Judges of the Play
Brought forth their sharp-heel'd Warriors; & they
Were both in Linen Bags, as if 'twere meet
Before they dy'd, to have their Winding-sheet.

Into

Into the Pit they're brought, and being there
Upon the Stage, the *Norfolk* Chanticleer
Looks ſtoutly at his ne'er-before-ſeen Foe,
And, like a Challenger, began to crow,
And clap his Wings, as if he would diſplay
His Warlike colours, which were black and gray.
Mean time the wary *Wisbich* walks and breathes
His active Body, and in fury wreathes
His comely Creſt; and, often looking down,
He beats his angry Beak upon the ground.
This done, they meet, not like that coward Breed
Of *Æſop's*; theſe can better fight than feed:
They ſcorn the Dunghil; 'tis their onely prize
To dig for Pearls within each others Eyes.
They fought ſo nimbly, that 'twas hard to know,
To th' skilful, whether they did fight or no;
If that the blood, which dy'd the fatal floor,
Had not born witneſs of't. Yet fought they more,
As if each wound were but a Spur to prick
Their fury forward. Lightning's not more quick
Or red, than were their Eyes: 'Twas hard to know
Whether 'twas blood, or anger, made them ſo.
I'm ſure they had been out, had they not ſtood
More ſafe, being walled in each others blood.
Thus they vy'd blows; but yet, alaſs, at length,
Although their courage were full tri'd, their ſtrength
And blood began to ebb. You that have ſeen
A Watry Combate on the Sea, between
Two angry-roaring-boiling Billows, how
they march, and meet, and daſh their curled brow;

Swelling

Swelling like Graves, as though they did intend
T' incomb each other, e're the quarrel end;
But when the Wind is down, and bluſtring weather,
They are made friends, & ſweetly run together; (low
May think theſe Champions ſuch: their blood grows
And they which leap'd but now, now ſcarce can go;
For having left th' advantage of the Heel,
Drunk with each others blood, they onely reel;
And yet they would fain fight: they came ſo near,
Methought they meant into each others ear
To whiſper wounds: and when they could not riſe,
They lay and look'd blows int' each others eyes.
But now the Tragick part! After this fit,
When *Norfolk* Cock had got the beſt of it,
And *Misbich* lay a dying, ſo that none,
Though ſober, but might venture ſeven to one,
Contracting, like a dying Taper, all
His ſtrength, intending with a blow to fall,
He ſtruggles up, and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and ſtrikes the other blind.
And now poor *Norfolk*, having loſt his Eyes,
Fights, guided onely by Antipathies.
With him, alas! the Proverb is not true,
The blows his Eyes ne'er ſaw, his Heart muſt rue.
At laſt, by chance, he ſtumbling on his Foe,
Not having any ſtrength to give a blow,
He falls upon him with his wounded Head,
And makes his Conqueror's wings his Feather-bed.
His friends ran in, and being very chary,
Sent in all haſte to call a' Pothecary:

But

But all in vain, his body did ſo bliſter,
That 'twas not capable of any Clyſter.
Phyſick's in vain, and 'twill not him reſtore;
Alas, poor Cock! he was let blood before.
Then finding himſelf weak, op'ning his Bill,
He calls a Scrivener, and thus makes his Will;
Imp. firſt of all, let never be forgot,
My Body freely I bequeath to th' Pot,
Decently to be boil'd; and for its Tomb,
Let it be buried in ſome hungry Room.
Item, for Executors, I'l have none,
But he that on my ſide laid ſeven to one;
And, like a Gentleman that he may live,
To him, and to his Heirs, my Comb I give,
Together with my Brains, that all may know,
That oftentimes his Brains did uſe to crow.
Item, for Comfort of thoſe Weaker ones
Whoſe wives complain of, let them have my Stones.
For Ladies that are light, it is my Will,
My Feathers make a Fan: And for my Bill,
I'l give a Taylor: But 'faith 'tis ſo ſhort,
I am afraid, he'l rather curſe me for't:
And for that worthy Doctors ſake, who meant
To give m' a Clyſter, let my Rump be ſent.
Laſtly, becauſe I finde my ſelf decay,
I yield, and give to *Wisbich*-Cock the Day.

R. W.

UPON

UPON THE DEATH OF *Dennis Bond*, Esq;

Who died four Days before the *LORD PROTECTOR.*

NOw whil'ſt *Whitehall* wears Black, and men do (fear
'Tis Treaſon any Co. our elſe to wear;
Whil'ſt Mourners, like a flock of Crows, reſort
To the great Lion's Carcaſe, at the Court;
Whil'ſt the ſad Members of the Tother Houſe
(That Mountain wch laſt year brought forth a Mouſe)
Lament his Fall, who Madam'd all their Wives,
And *Thurloe* wiſhes he had had nine Lives;
Whil'ſt ſome lament, he dy'd without an Ax,
And fear the Funeral will coſt a Tax;
Whil'ſt cunning *Scotland* counterfeits a Groan,
And *Ireland* cudgell'd into her *A Hone*;

Whil'ſt

Whil'ſt *England* puts her Finger in her Eye,
And *Welſhmen* uſe their Leeks to make them cry;
Whil'ſt Grief doth chime All-in, and every Tribe
Eycleped, Maior and Aldermen, ſubſcribe
(Or make their Marks at leaſt) how full of Sadneſs
That *Oliver* is dead, and eke of Gladneſs
That *Richard* reigns! though the Slaves lye, I fear,
For their old Gowns are lin'd with Cavalier:
Whil'ſt the ſad Poetaſters of the Times
Plaiſter the Hearſe with miſerable Rhymes,
And I, poor Man, might mend my Fortune too,
As ſure as ever Lord *Hewſon* mended Shoo,
If I could baſte my Muſe, and make her go:
I, by that great Ghoſts leave, am well content
To wait upon a meaner Monument;
Yet fit to ſtand by this, if not above,
As having, though leſs pomp, yet no leſs Love;
'Tis *Dennis Bond*, that true bred *Engliſh* 'Squire,
Whoſe worth, if my rude Fancy ſhou d aſpire
To reach the ſinews; juſt, pious, valiant, wiſe,
Able for Counſel, or for Enterprize,
Fit to ſet *Cato* Copies, if alive,
Able to make a Bankrupt Nation thrive;
Th' Alchimy of whoſe ſingle Judgment could
Convert a Leaden Councel into Gold.
Atlas of State! oh! if King *Charls* that's gone,
Inſtead of *Digby* and old *Cottington*,
Had had one *Dennis*; he had ſtood till now,
And kept the Crown faſt on his Royal Brow.

Cromwel

Cromwel could not out-live him; so our State
In one Week lost their Pilot, and his Mate:
And though he dy'd in's Bed, 'tis not deny'd;
Yet was his Head struck off, when *Dennis* dy'd.
Adieu brave *Bond!* My aged Muse shall burn
Her with'red Lawrel at thy sacred Urn.
Live thine own Monument, and scorn a Stone;
Marbles themselves have flaws, thy Name has none.
That Plat of Earth, which grasps thee in her womb,
Proud of such Treasure, swells into a Tomb.
When the next Parliament together come,
And miss their Western Patriot from his room,
Despairing that their Meeting will not speed,
Grief will dissolve them, no *Protector* need.

R. W.

Upon ſome Bottles of Sack *and* Claret, *laid in Sand, and covered with a Sheet.*

ENter, and ſee this Tomb (Sirs) do not fear,
No Spirits, but of Wine, will 'fright you here:
Weep o're this Tomb, your Sorrows here may have
Wine for their ſweet Companions in this Grave.
A dozen *Shakeſpears* here inter'd do lie;
Two dozen *Johnſons* full of Poetry.
Did not the Mother-Hogſhead, from whoſe womb
Theſe Babes ſprang forth, burſt when ſhe ſaw this Tomb,
And ſwell with grief? Did not the Butler ſink,
To ſee himſelf turn Sexton to his Drink?
'Twere commendable Sacriledge, no doubt,
Could I come at your Grave, to ſteal you out:
How e'er, from this thy anxious Grave I will
Some virtuous Aſhes take, wherewith I'l fill
The Glaſs I preach by; for I muſt be juſt,
There lies Divinity with thy Duſt.
Unhappy Grape, could not one Preſſing do,
But now alive you muſt be buried too?
Sleep on, but ſcorn to die, immortal Liquor,
The burying of thee thus will make thee quicker:
Mean while thy Friends pray loud, that thou mayſt
A ſpeedy Reſurrection from thy Grave. (have

FINIS.